

The Saturday News

ALBERTA'S PROVINCIAL WEEKLY

Vol. II

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1907

No. 50

NOTE AND COMMENT

The lumber case has come to an earlier conclusion than was anticipated, resulting in the conviction of the defendant, Mr. Clark, and the imposing of a fine of \$500. It was on the eighth count of the indictment by which the defendant was charged with conspiring with the dealers to "unduly prevent or lessen competition in the production, manufacture, purchase, barter, sale, transportation or supply of an article which may be subject of trade and commerce, to wit lumber," that Chief Justice Sifton held that a case had been made out. That they had conspired to control the lumber trade of the province, the Edmonton and Sereth contracts, he believed, showed very conclusively. Hence the verdict.

The case is one of the most notable that has arisen in Canadian legal history and for the thoroughness with which the Attorney-General's department has handled it, it will be deserving of all the additional prestige which is sure to come to it from the successful result. When the prosecution was begun, there were those who said that Hon. Mr. Cross was not in earnest. It had gone but a short distance, when those who held to this idea had their minds disabused. All the evidence, bearing upon the alleged offences, was brought out without regard to the standing or connections of those whom it affected. Mr. S. B. Woods, the deputy-attorney general, who conducted the case unaided except by the officials of the department, had pitted against him in Mr. R. B. Bennett, as keen a counsel as is to be found in Western Canada, and to him personally warm congratulations are due.

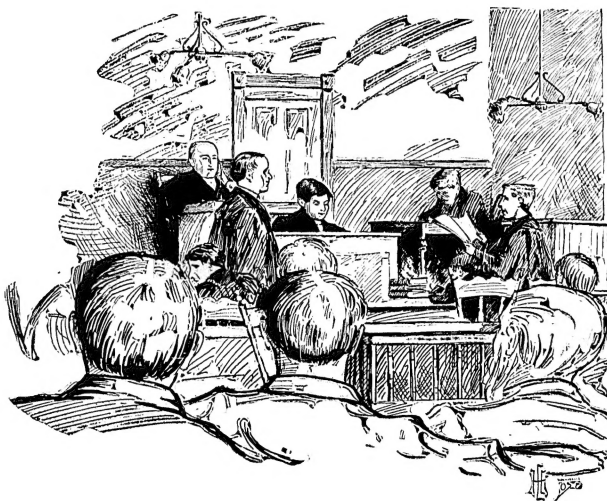
The outcome is bound to have an excellent effect in relieving the province of many of the hardships that it has suffered from through the conditions that were revealed by the testimony. But apart from this, it was a case of the attorney-general's department pursuing its plain duty of enforcing the law. There may be differences of opinion as to the wisdom of the anti-combine legislation enacted at Ottawa, but there can be none in regard to the obligation of the provincial authorities to prosecute those whom there was reason to believe were acting in violation of this enactment. In the two years of its existence, the Alberta government has accomplished a very great deal to warrant the continued confidence of the people. But in this instance, it has done more than in connection with any other feature of its policy to cause the people of the province to feel that their interests are safe in its hands.

Toronto Saturday Night in the following expresses the opinion of the average man:

"All over Canada this week people are going around asking each other if they have seen the latest issue of the Calgary Eye Opener. Everybody does not see that paper because it enjoys the distinction of being denied admission to the mails. As readers at a distance secure the paper with difficulty its editor endeavors to reward them by furnishing news not elsewhere published.

"It is said—I have not seen it—that the latest issue contains sensational reflections upon Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia. The reader is aware, no doubt that Sir Frederick has entered a \$50,000 action against the Nineteenth Century and After, in England, for republishing some references to himself that were made in the Eye Opener. No doubt The Nineteenth Century will pay damages and retract.

"But the Eye Opener comes back at Sir Frederick, and it is said, does so with a greater directness than before. In the West everybody reads the Calgary weekly, carrying it in



The Close of a Celebrated Trial.

A sketch made in the Edmonton court room during the closing hours of the lumber case, which resulted in the Crown's securing a conviction. Deputy Attorney General Woods is addressing the Court, while R. B. Bennett, leading counsel for the defence is leaning against the clerk's desk.

inside pockets and passing it around in smoking cars, so that all may read funny or naughty paragraphs. When an attack is made in its columns on the private life of a public man, people buy the paper in large numbers, put these in closed envelopes and send them east. Therefore, it is safe to say that the issue containing the attack on Sir Frederick Borden has been largely circulated in Canada. Word has reached me from Ottawa that a copy of it has been shown to Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"Is it not up to Sir Frederick Borden to take action against the Calgary Eye Opener? Should he not convict that fugitive sheet of lying and suppress it, or should he not step down and cease to adorn public life in Canada."

The Eye Opener in its last issue accuses The Saturday News of slinging mud at it "for its efforts to weed from the government an unworthy man, who is holding down a position of honor and trust." This is not correct. The article referred to did not attempt a defence of Sir Frederick Borden. It simply called attention to the remarkable statement made by Sir Frederick that while he had instituted suit against The Nineteenth Century, which reproduced an article from the Eye Opener, he would never have taken proceedings against the latter. If all others, who were the objects of its attentions, adopted the same course, it would mean that the Eye Opener could go ahead and publish what it liked without any fear of consequences. Is it in the public interests to allow it to do so? It may be true, as Sir Frederick says, that to sue it would be to give it the kind of advertisement that it desires above everything else. But the Minister of Militia cannot allow it to continue to make its charges against his character and stay in public life.

To revert to the eternal subject, what do you think of the variety of autumn weather that Alberta has furnished this year? The writer has just picked up a copy of the London, Ontario, Advertiser, of November 10, in which the first editorial note was: "Zero weather in the west." Why the fact should be referred to editorially is difficult to understand, but up to the time that this paragraph is written, the zero mark has not been even approached in Edmonton. People have gone about their work and their play just as they do ordinarily about the end of September. Most of the summer sports have ceased for the season, but it has been purely out of force of habit

that they have. Golf is an exception. The links have been dotted every day with players.

The majority, of course, are pleased. After so exceptional a winter as that of a year ago, our climate needs to have its character rehabilitated. The only complaints come from merchants, who find no demand for the winter goods that they have laid in stock. For the country as a whole, the open autumn has been very timely. It has enabled the farmer to clear off his fall work, while for those engaged in railway construction it has been a perfect godsend. On both the C.P.R. and the G.T.P. lines from Winnipeg wonderful progress has been made and there is no doubt that they will both be at Edmonton's doors early next summer. It is announced that grading operations on the G.T.P. have been finished to Saskatoon and that the track layers are right behind the graders.

Two more Liberal candidates are in the field, Dr. Stewart in Calgary and Mr. W. C. Simmons M.P.P., of Lethbridge in Medicine Hat. Dr. Stewart was beaten by Mr. McCarthy in 1904, but it is believed that he has gained considerable strength since that time. At any rate he is, in the language of the ring, a game fighter, has a body of enthusiastic workers at his back and may be depended on to make the most of what is, considering Mr. McCarthy's prestige and personal popularity, a very large contract.

Mr. Simmons' nomination has been a foregone conclusion for fully a year back. He is a man of decided ability, whose term in the Legislature has shown that he possesses distinct capacity for public life. With Mr. Magrath as his opponent, one of the prettiest contests in the country will be seen. As the Magrath Pioneer aptly puts it:

"The poet says there is 'stern joy' in the breast of warriors when they look upon a worthy foe. Certain it is that that should animate the breasts of those who oppose C. A. Magrath. It will be a fight worth the admission fee and we shall not lose the opportunity of purchasing a ticket."

Some critics of The Saturday News express the opinion that its objections to Mr. W. H. White's candidature in Victoria are rather fetched and that they are explained by its desire to advance the cause of one of Mr. White's rivals. As to the latter part of the criticism, it should be pointed out that exactly the

same objection was taken to Mr. Holden's nomination for the provincial house in Vermilion, to accept which he resigned a homestead inspectorship. What we consider the crying need of this country is to have public officials kept apart from politics altogether. We want a civil service, such as they have it in Britain. For that reason we believe that even the appearance of evil should be avoided in such matters. A homestead inspector, with the influence which his position gives him among new arrivals to the country, should be particularly careful to do so. No one denies him the right, if he wishes, to resign his post to run for parliament, but to say the least of it, it looks very badly when he does. The suspicion is very natural that he has never been out of politics and that his position has been used for political ends. If we are to keep this branch of the public service in good repute, it is extremely advisable, it, therefore, seems to us, that all political aspirations on the part of homestead inspectors should be severely discouraged.

When the general election will take place for which all these preparations are being made is still a matter of doubt. It will be remembered that the last contest spread over at least a whole year owing to several false alarms. The Toronto Globe says:

"The announcement from Ottawa that Sir Wilfrid Laurier contemplates a speech-making tour of Western Canada next summer seems to indicate that there will be no general election for the House of Commons before 1909. It may not generally be known, but the life of the present Parliament does not expire by efflux of time till 1910."

The Edmonton majority contest has taken a decidedly acrimonious turn. On Wednesday last week, Mayor Griebach announced that he would take no active part in the elections, unless the administration were attacked. On Thursday a letter signed "Graybrook" appeared in the Journal. Certain charges were made against Mr. McDougall. The Bulletin charged Mayor Griebach with writing the letter and on Tuesday the mayor, in acknowledging that he had done so, repeated and enlarged upon the charges in question. Mr. McDougall and his business associates, he declared, by buying up the stock of the Edmonton exhibition association, which cost them less than \$15,000, and

selling the grounds to the city for \$60,000, had taken from \$35,000 to \$40,000 out of the pockets of the citizens. By securing special legislation, they had avoided paying the city any taxes on Norwood till 1907. In connection with the C.P.R. entrance, the mayor accused Mr. McDougall and his partners of holding up the company or the city on certain property which was required to facilitate that entrance.

These are accusations which have been made from time to time on the street, and it was in the interests of everyone concerned that they should be definitely stated, so that Mr. McDougall could have the opportunity of answering them. The pity is that the mayor did not make them over his own signature in the first place. The "Graybrook" letter incident will do him no good. But that is merely incidental to the question which the people will have to decide a week from next Monday. It is in Mr. McDougall's answer rather than in the manner in which the charges were preferred that they are interested. As for the Exhibition grounds, he points out that the year before the city purchased them, they were offered to the city for \$40,000 and refused. When \$60,000 was asked the next year, they were well worth that price and at the present time Mr. McDougall states that he is prepared to tender the city a marked cheque for that amount and take them back.

As for the exemption of Norwood, he points out that that property was treated exactly as that of the Hudson's Bay Company was and that the same rule was applied in the extension of the boundaries of the city as in the case of Calgary.

As to the C.P.R. entrance, Mr. McDougall's answer cannot be so briefly stated. It seems that he and his partners had had a dispute with the C.P.R. regarding the proposed sale of eight lots belonging to them to the company. They wanted this settled before they agreed to the sale of the lots in block 9 decided for an entrance. Later Mayor Griebach approached him in regard to the matter, when, Mr. McDougall states, he agreed to dispose of the property to the city at the price the C.P.R. had offered, leaving aside the dispute regarding the eight lots mentioned. The body of citizens have not been taken fully into the confidence of the council regarding these details. But if Mr. McDou-

(Continued on page 4.)

THE LEAKY ROOFS OF EARLY DAYS.

What Those Who Made Alberta by "Hanging On" Had to Put Up With.

By E. N. Barker.

When the horses were ready the day's work began, for the old timer disdained to foot it anywhere and would walk a mile or two to get a horse to go and see a neighbor half a mile away, but Alberta is a large country, and a man afoot was an element of suspicion, especially if he carried a loose rope in his hand. Those who lived here in early days realized the magnitude of the country when they lost their horses, and the picket horse got away, for they had to walk to find the cayuses, besides which people lived anywhere from seven miles to 45 miles away from each other. Folks have closed up so near each other the old timer needs another planet on which to sport and find room for himself.

TENTING IN WET BLANKETS.

When taking up a ranch we should have said that life commenced in a tent on mother earth, building the place from the ground, and it is surprising, or would be to the uninitiated, what a lot there is to do when tackling nature in its raw state. Many have thought of Southern Alberta as a dry country, but those who lived in a tent in Southern Alberta for eight or ten months have found it pretty wet, in a house still wetter, but you could exist as the menage was small and easily moved and the worldly belongings more immediately connected with living, i.e., clothes, razor, etc., were carried in a seamless sack; any more was a nuisance. During long rains, there being no place to hang anything up on but the ground, all things became wet or damp and it was common to crawl into a wet bed in wet clothes at night after to pray for some sun to dry out by. In a tent at 30 below zero is fairly comfortable, except when getting up to light the fire for breakfast, for a man can keep dry.

SOME SHACKS STILL WORSE.

Some of the old shacks in wet weather were worse than a tent for the roof often leaked, being made of poles, then hay and then dirt, so that at times it rained faster in the house than outside and kept on longer. The fire was soon out by water and then it was gone without a grub till the clouds rolled by. Sometimes it was policy to leave the house for a tent; the house, however, was all right in dry weather. But thus was Alberta made by those who hung on. Alberta in its infancy was the finest grass country lying out of doors which is one of the reasons why it grows such fine grain now. Taking into consideration some of the things we have stood, many of us should have died, but the early settler was hard to kill, and Alberta air in plenty, and Alberta air at that, puts stamina into any one. One of our number went down East sick and was condemned by the doctor, and by rights he should have died, but as he remarked to the Eastern doctors, "You don't understand a north west constitution. I don't want to die and I won't," and he didn't. Who doubts the power of the mind? Some day the public will see the importance of the prevention of disease and we shall spend our public money in research and prevention so that hospital bills will not be so much needed. In old days the amount of room we had made most healthy of us and deaths were scarce.

MIXED BLISS.

Plain water lying into your bed when you are trying to sleep is not so bad, but where we wanted to draw the line and could not was against the muddy water from above. A big spat of soft mud and water at 3 a.m. in your eye or in the butt of the calf is mixed bliss and conduces to profanity, besides which constantly moving the bed around in the night

(Continued on page 4.)

Periodical Students Recitals.
Studio--628 Eighth street, Edmonton
P.O. Box 983



AN INCIDENT OF EDMONTON TENT LIFE.

I was walking along Eighth street south the other evening when I was startled by a cry from a tent on a vacant lot near by.

"You murdering villain!" came a woman's anguished voice.

"Here you have enticed me from the happiness of my mother's home to treat me as you haven't the right to treat a beast of the field."

"Don't mind raking up ancient history" was the rejoinder. "I've got you now and you know you have to do what I tell you."

There was but a faint light in the tent. Here, I said to myself, is an exaggerated as well as reversed form of curtain lecture. If people have to live like cats and dogs, they ought either to be forced to get a house or to pitch their tents on the outskirts of the city. Meditating deeply and congratulating myself on my own happy bachelor's lot, I passed on.

The conversation continued and increased in heat but I am not naturally curious and such things are too painful for me to dwell on.

I had gone some twenty or thirty paces and the sounds had become a trifle confused, when all of a sudden a pistol shot rang out.

Here I was in for it! Confound the luck. Oh why hadn't I gone down to the club instead of going out to pay that duty call. Would I make myself scarce and pretend I had heard nothing, or discharge the plain duty of a good citizen?

I only hesitated a second. Dashing for the tent, with a horrible scene already in my mind's eye, I pulled aside the canvas and thrust my head inside.

I was surprised; so were the man and woman, who with their little boy and girl, were sitting round by candle light, listening to their new gramophone, as it gave the dialogue of one of the acts of that shivering melodrama "The Fatal Wedding and what came of it."

Now this is a true story.

A tight money story is told by an American paper which will be particularly appreciated at the present moment.

A Kentucky dandy negotiated a loan of \$10 from a local banker, pledging his mule and cart as security.

"Money is pretty tight," explained the banker, "and I shall have to charge you \$2.50 now for the use of the \$10 for a month."

The dandy consented, signed the papers, and half an hour later was found by a friend standing in the road scratching his wool with one hand and looking ruefully at the \$7.50 in the other.

"What's de matter, Sam?" asked his friend.

"Oh, dere ain't nothing de matter, 'cept I knows I've right. Dat bank man he done charge me \$2.50 for \$10 for a month. I've right, sub. So, if I had not de ten for 'foal months, I wouldn't a' got nothin'."

"One of them said: 'I will pay Saturday night, if I live.' HE'S DEAD!"

Another said "See you to-morrow." HE'S BLIND!

Still another said "I hope to pay this week, or go to it—." HE'S GONE!"

THE PESSIMIST.

Nothing to do but work.
Nothing to eat but food.
Nothing to wear but shoes.
To keep one from being nude.
Nothing to breathe but air.
Quick as a flash 'tis gone.
Nowhere to fall but off.
Nowhere to stand but on.
Nothing to sing but songs.
Ah, well! Alas! Alack!
Nowhere to go but out.
Nowhere to come but back.
Nothing to read but words.
Nothing to cast but votes.
Nothing to hear but sounds.
Nothing to sail but boats.
Nothing to comb but hair.
Nowhere to sleep but in bed.
Nothing to weep but tears.
Nothing to bury but dead.
Nothing to see but sights.
Nothing to quench but thirst.
Nothing to have but what we've got.
Thus through life we're cursed.
Nothing to strike but a gait.
Everything moves that goes;
Nothing at all but common sense,
Can ever withstand these woes.

A medico tells of two physicians in a certain town, the one of them with a long record of cures, the

other young, with his record to make. The older doctor, it appears, was inclined to surrender some of his night work to the younger man.

One bitter cold night in winter the veteran was aroused by two farmers from a hamlet eight miles away, the wife of one of whom was seriously ill. The doctor at once reformed them to his young colleague, but they refused the latter's services.

"Very well," replied the doctor, thinking to put a convincing argument before them, "in that case my fee is \$10, payable now."

Whereupon there ensued a remonstrance on the part of the farmers, but the doctor was obdurate.

Finally one of the men asked the other:

"Well, what do you think I ought to do?"

"I think you had better pay him the \$10," said the other. "The funeral would cost you more."

"It pays to advertise," said Mark Twain at a recent banquet. "When I was editing the Virginia City Enterprise writing copy one day and minding the next, I tried to force this truth home in many ways. One day I received a letter from a subscriber saying he had found a spider pressed between the leaves of his paper, and he wanted to know was this good or bad luck? I replied to him in our Answers to Correspondence column as follows:

"Old Subscriber.—The finding of a spider in your copy of the Enterprise was neither good luck nor bad. The spider was merely looking over our pages to find out what merchant was not advertising, so that he could spin its web across his door and lead a free and undisturbed existence forever after."

There is a gentleman who writes under the name of the Marquis de Fontenoy a lot of first-class tommyrot for American and Canadian papers. One thinks of him as discharging his literary labors in the seclusion of a turreted castle. As a matter of fact, he is probably toiling in the top story of some New York newspaper office. Listen to what he writes in one of his recent articles:

"Prince Arthur, only son of the Duke of Connaught, accompanied by an imposing suite, will represent his uncle, King Edward, at the celebration next year of the tercentennial anniversary of the foundation of Quebec, in 1608, by Samuel Champlain, who bestowed upon it its present name. All the rumors to the effect that the King and Queen, or the Prince and Princess of Wales, would visit the Dominion next year are therefore set at rest. It was originally intended that the Duke of Connaught, should represent the King, but his appointment as Lord High Commissioner in the Mediterranean, and of Egypt and the Sudan, and the possibility of a crisis on the banks of the Nile within the next year, render it impossible for him to cross the Atlantic. It is proposed that on the termination of the ceremonies at Quebec, Prince Arthur should spend several weeks in an extended tour through North-western Canada, which is as yet terra incognita to the members of the reigning house."

And this after all the banqueting and hip-hip-burrahing that accompanied Prince Arthur's visit to Alberta only a year ago last April. Terra incognita indeed! Can Prince Arthur ever forget that journey around from Strathcona to the Edmonton C.N.R. station over the route E. and P. and back of that time? Must the memory of that display of silk hats that greeted him as he stepped off the train in his bowler not be as vivid yet as on the day of the visit? Must he not still bear a grudge against Lord Ribblesdale for telling him he should not accept the invitation to go down to the Edmonton Club extended to him at the train by two of the members of that organization? They took the club register up to the train and his name is to be found inscribed therein.

To the Electors of the City of Edmonton.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

At the expiration of 12 years during which time I have continuously served the city as an Alderman, I would, on the termination of my present term willingly retire to the seclusion and quiet of private life, was I not aware that the year which lies before us is one fraught with dangers and difficulties. Great problems confront the city at the present time, for notwithstanding the large expenditure of public money during the past few years there is nevertheless a demand for more street building, more sidewalks, more water connections and generally a further expenditure of money, all in addition to the large programme already in hand and in view of the scarcity of money what is going to be the solution of these problems? It has been urged that without wisdom gained by past experience, without knowledge of the city's business systems, no man can hope to fill the mayor's chair during the year 1906 and give to the city that service which it has a right to expect at the hand of its Chief Magistrate.

Because I have this knowledge and experience, because I have the leisure, and because I have been urged by many prominent citizens

SPECIAL DISPLAY

Fancy Work Christmas

AT Hudson's Bay Stores

to stand for Mayor. I have decided that it is my duty to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrage for this office.

My platform has been before you for some time. I believe in the practical application of the principle of municipal ownership. I assisted in the inauguration of that principle. I have assisted in the carrying of it out. I stand upon my record in that behalf. I believe in government by commission, broadening and extending that system to meet our requirements, so that we have an extension of the franchise to householders, a fair wage clause in all contracts and I should insist that in future no obligation should be incurred without having first made the necessary financial arrangements. It must ever be borne in mind that during the coming year although money will be scarce most apparent. In the distribution of public money during the coming year I can only pledge myself to be fair to all persons and all sections of the city. I paid to my 12 years' service for this city and can assert that during that time I have never wronged any man intentionally nor have I ever for a moment considered the interest of one portion of the city above those of another. Some reference has been made to my difficulty in expressing myself in the English language. I should be very sorry indeed to think that after a residence of twenty years among you and after having served you for 12 years that you might withhold the highest office in your gift because of this difficulty, but I do not altogether share the views of my opponents in this matter. I believe that a broader spirit prevails in our wonderful young city and to that broader spirit I appeal. To that sense of British fair play which I believe is inherent in my English speaking fellow citizens I appeal, and trust that I shall not appeal in vain.

Your obedient servant,
J. H. PICARD.

OUR CLUBBING OFFERS.

The Saturday News has a standing arrangement with other publications which allows its readers the opportunity to secure a very large amount of excellent reading matter at a small cost. Here are our offers: The Saturday News for one year.....\$1.50

The Saturday News, the Montreal Daily Herald and Weekly Star.....2.15

All these with the Farmer's Manual and Veterinary Guide 2.30

The Saturday News With Weekly Globe.....2.25

With Saturday Globe.....2.30

With Daily Globe.....2.30

With Montreal Daily Witness 2.30

With Weekly Witness.....2.00

With World Wide.....2.25

With Northern Messenger.....1.75

With Winnipeg Weekly Free Press.....1.90

With Winnipeg Daily Free Press.....3.25

With Farmer's Advocate.....2.75

Fancy Work for Christmas

WE are now showing a very choice assortment of Cushion Tops, Towel Holders, Cravat Holders, Pin Cushions, Collar Bags, Key Holders, Toilet Tissues, Opera Bags, Brush Holders, Glove Cases, Photo Frames, Tray Cloths, Sideboard Cloths and Doylies for embroidery work. Think of it! Christmas will be here in less than a month. Now is the time to secure your fancy work while the stock is complete, fresh, and clean.

We are also showing a large selection of Stamped Linen for embroidery work including Table Centres, Tray Cloths, Doylies, etc.

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MONEY TO LOAN

EDMONTON, ALBERTA



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One more chance to secure some fine Tailor-made-to-your-order-in-Edmonton Suits worth \$30, but going at only

\$20.00

We have enough suitings in the plain and fancy cloths to make seven more suits. Come in and let us make you up a swell suit for your Christmas vacation trip. You'll not be ashamed to go anywhere in our Ladies' Suits—they have the right style and snap to them that makes the wearer attractive anywhere.

GENTLEMEN

You should come in and see the suits we are making for \$20.00. They are made right here in Edmonton; made to your measure and are neat and attractive. The very latest fashions in cloths and makes. Worth \$28.00 to \$35.00 anywhere—for the Xmas trade only

\$20.00

You'll need a suit if you're going on a holiday vacation and you want to look "up-to-date and you can with our suits." We fit any man, and the suits are fit for anybody. See the new clothes and styles at once

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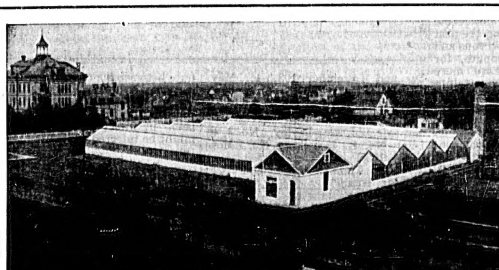
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Note and Comment

(Continued from page 1).

gall's statement is correct, it is difficult to understand why the scheme that the council was working on was blocked.

Mr. McDougall in his statement acknowledges quite openly that in these matters he was acting in his own interests. But the fact that a man has done so in his dealings with the city as a corporation is surely no obstacle in the way of his holding public office. When he is acting for the city, there is no reason to believe that he will not use as good business judgment as he has brought to his own affairs. For this reason, and because of what it considers very serious disabilities on the part of his opponent, The Saturday News believes that Mr. McDougall's return would be in the best interests of the city.

The Leaky Roofs of Early Days

(Continued from page 1).

to dodge rain drops is tedious. Some who were fastidious lined their shacks with cotton sheeting. It made the place look clean for a time and besides had other virtues, for the cotton could be made to sag in cones by hanging empty cans to each panel. These cans were hung with wire and when the rain got lively it ran down the cotton to the point of the cone and dropped in the tin can. By constantly emptying out the accumulated water the area of the size of a bed was kept fairly dry and by keeping gum boots in the bed dry an exit could be made out of the bed to other parts about the room. Standing in gum boots in your house by the stove in six inches of water to cook breakfast has been a common amusement, and is a form of delectation not to be met with everywhere. It's not on a par with the Waldorf Astoria but is liveable when you cannot do better. The vitality of the human is far greater than is supposed; it's the luxuries that kill the too fastidious.

There are so many different ways of doing things if you only know how and have a little imagination. Later came a little lumber and some tar paper and the rancher "fixed" the roof and retired to extreme bliss and indulged in a feeling of security. But there's always a "but" and the first rain in spring would expose the fancied security, for the frost had pulled the nails through the tar paper and had made holes in the roofing unbeknownst to the sleeper below, and so splash came the rain and mud as before. Real comfort and security from rain drops can only be secured with a shingle and it's handy with children as a weapon. Everything in a pioneer's life to be really tight edge should be able to serve several purposes.

The climate of most places is all right if you can find a fairly dry bed at night. Soon our Albertans will be as sour on difficulties and will discuss the weather as much as a true Briton. We who have seen it in all phases think it a great country and will grow a great, a coming rare besides which there is very tangible evidence that population increases in Alberta and is stout and healthy. In our town one third of the population is under eight years of age and still coming. People complain of the taxes but what can the council do in such an epidemic?

BORN.

Flexman—On Wednesday the 27th inst, the wife of Mr. E. Flexman, Edmonton, of a son.

Spencer—On Tuesday, Nov. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Spencer, Medicine Hat, a daughter.

Hawthorne—On Nov. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hawthorne, Medicine Hat, a daughter.

Morris—At Edmonton, on Nov. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Garnet G. Morris, a daughter.

MARRIED.

McKnight—Anderson—On Nov. 21, at the residence of H. McLanett, Elizabeth street, Edmonton, by Rev. Dr. McQueen, G. F. McKnight of Edmonton to Miss Ethel Anderson of Leduc.

Macintyre—Sharp—At St. George's church, Fort Saskatchewan by the Rev. Canon d'Easum, on Nov. 24, R. W. Macintyre, assistant chief engineer for the province of Alberta, to Marion, third daughter of the late Wm. H. C. Sharpe, of London, Eng.

DIED.

Kealey—On the 22nd inst., at Medicine Hat, Isabel Black, wife of Oswald W. Kealey, Medicine Hat.



IRVING BEERS

who will direct the local production of "All the Comforts of Home" at the Edmonton Opera House, Dec. 30th and 31st, and play one of the principal roles. Mr. Beers has supported such artists as Mrs. Fiske, Mary Shaw, and played with Donald Robertson in the original New York production of Ibsen's Ghosts.

EDMONTON MARKETS

On the local markets the receipts are very light. Oats are selling on market square at 25 to 40c per bushel.

Elevator prices.

No. 1 Northern wheat, 88c bus; No. 2, Nor. wheat 86c per bushel; No. 3, Nor. wheat, 81c per bushel; lower grades, 40c to 74c per bushel; No. 1 White Oats 30c. per bushel; No. 2 white oats, 25c per bushel; No. 3 white oats, 35c per bushel; Feed barley, 35c per bus; malting barley, 45c per bushel; No. 1 N.W. Flax, \$1.00 per bushel.

HAY.

No. old hay. Liberal supplies now hay.

Ruling prices about as follows: Baled Hay in car lots—

Slough, \$10 to \$15 per ton. Upland, \$14 to \$18 per ton. Timothy \$18 per ton.

By the load on market square, new—Slough, \$7 to \$15 per ton. Upland, \$10 to \$16 per ton. Timothy, \$15 up per ton.

Flour, Retail.

Local patent \$3.30 per cwt.

Strong Bakers, \$2.90 per cwt.

Manitoba, best patent, \$3.60.

PRODUCE MARKET.

Prices quoted are average prices being paid to farmers in quantities.

Eggs.

Strictly fresh, 40c per doz. Very scarce.

Glycerated eggs 35c per doz.

Butter.

Fancy dairy, 1 pound prints, 28 cents per pound.

Good to choice dairy, 20 to 25c per pound.

Dairy in crocks and tubs, 18 to 25 cents per pound, creamery butter 35 cents per pound. Old butter, slow sale.

Potatoes.

Old potatoes off the market.

New potatoes, 45c to 50c per bushel.

Spring chickens—Live, 10-12c lb.

LIVE STOCK

Very plentiful.

Receipts of hogs are light.

Cattle are becoming more plentiful. Cattle, live weight—Steers, 22c per pound; Cows, 2 to 2 1/2c per pound.

Live hogs, heavy, 14c per pound; light and medium, 14c to 5c per pound.

Live sheep 5 1/2c to 6c per pound. Veal calves, live weight, 3 1/2 to 4c per lb. Veal calves, dressed, 6 to 8c per pound.

POULTRY

Turkeys—Live, 16c to 18c per lb.; dressed, 18c to 20c per lb.

Old hens—Live, 10c per lb.; dressed, 12c per lb.

WINNIPEG.

Nov. 28th. A fair improvement is noticeable in the wheat market during the past week, but they are still nervous and subject to irregular changes, for while financial conditions are more assured the feeling of uncertainty still prevails. There has, however, been a more active trade and the better feeling has led to an advance of 2 1/2 cents to 3 cents in prices on the week. The wheat situation continues to develop in strength and were it not for the uncertainty in financial conditions prices would possibly be much higher. Conditions are expected to improve with the passing weeks and we look forward to higher prices later. Our Winnipeg market has had a good demand for all grades of wheat. The close of navigation at Fort William and Port Arthur may take place by the end of next week or within a day or two thereafter at latest and it is now too late for cars loaded at far Western country points to get through in time. Today's Winnipeg prices are: Northern, 103-4c; 2 Nor., 100-3 1/2c; 3 Nor., 95-3 1/2c; 4 wheat, 88-1 1/2c; 5 wheat, 75-1 1/2c; 6 wheat, 61 cents; feed wheat, 54-1 1/4; feed No. 2, 44-1 1/4; futures closed Novem-

ber and December, 103-3 1/2c; May, 112-3 1/2c. Oats have again been weaker, the price of No. 2 white today being 42-1 1/2c; 3 white, 37-3 1/2c, and rejected, 32c; barley, No. 3, 46-1 1/2c; No. 4, 45c; flax, No. 1 Northern, 103c. Thompson Sons and Co.

For the further convenience of those wishing to travel in comfort at moderate rate, the Canadian Pacific Railway have arranged to run special tourist sleeping cars from Strathcona through to Toronto in connection with Eastern excursions as follows, car will leave Strathcona on the afternoon train at 10 o'clock, December 4, 7, 11, 14, 18, and 21st, for reservations they can apply Edmonton city ticket office, 145 Jasper Ave., Edmonton.

Ald. Manuel, speaking for the committee investigating the dis-

25 Per Cent. REDUCTION!

On the Famous

Cloisonne and Satsuma Wares

This Reduction will only be in force until January 1st, 1908. See our Window Display this Week

Geo. H. Graydon CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST King Edward Pharmacy

"A Woman in the West"

By Gertrude Balmer Watt

Will be issued from THE SATURDAY NEWS presses early next week.

The volume consists of reproductions from the mass of what has appeared in The Mirror department of this paper during the past two years, and gives a picture of Western Canadian life from the standpoint of a Western woman.

The publication has been suggested by numerous readers of the Saturday News, who have expressed a desire to have many of the articles, which it contains, put in permanent form.

For the purpose of sending as a Christmas reminder to friends at a distance it should also serve a useful purpose.

Nothing has been spared to make the booklet typographically perfect. Numerous half-tones, showing western scenes, illustrate the text.

The volume will be placed on sale at the Saturday News Office, Howard street, directly behind the Bank of Montreal, and at all Book Stores, the price being Twenty-Five Cents. On that amount being forwarded to the office of publication, the booklet will be sent, post paid, to any address that is furnished. So that it may reach its destination in plenty of time for Christmas, and to avoid disappointment as a result of the exhaustion of the edition, orders should be sent in without delay.

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Amateur Hockey Club

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IRVING BEERS,

Director

Auction Sale

Mitchell & Reed's

Auction Rooms, Jasper avenue E

MITCHELL AND REID have received instructions from the Executors of the estate of the late G. A. Goun to offer by public auction on Thursday, Dec. 31, at 2 o'clock prompt, all the HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS AND EFFECTS belonging to the above estate, (which have been removed from Fifth street to the above rooms for convenience of sale), comprising: Mahogany extension dining table, weathered oak set of dining room chairs upholstered in leather, solid oak lounge settee, oak buffet, oak bureau secretaire, oak lounge, rockers, centre and occasional tables, oak shaving stand, solid birch bureau and stand, toilet ware, brass rail French beds, springs, all wool mattresses, carpets, rugs, feather pillows, blankets, cushions, Musk ox robe, oak frame mirror, Greenfield bore hammerless shot gun, 22 rifle, Le Metford rifle, books, ornaments, refrigerator, thirty pictures, tents, camp outfit, kitchen trunks, chairs, axes, kitchen utensils and large quantity of items too numerous to mention.

On view Wednesday and day of sale.

No Reserve. Terms Cash.

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WANTED.—At once, Lady and Gentlemen Canvassers for magazines and newspapers. Sure money to workers. Apply in person to Chas. Neate, Mgr., Subscription Department, International Advertising Agency, Suite 17, Crystal block, between 5 and 6 p.m.

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PALE HANDS

A TALE OF THE QUEENSLAND COAST

We were still tied up at the wharf, though it was past sailing time, the last bell having gone ten minutes before. The firemen and deck hands stood about idly on the battened-down hatches, and the chief engineer and purser were still on the deck wallowing a juicy way through a basket of mangoes. Today the forecabin was full, but I had no passengers. The travelling Townsville elect, having forecasted the summer, had gone weeks before.

"Safe for a loaf as far as Mackay at any rate," I was thinking hopefully, when someone called out "Here they come!"

The buggy clattered into sight on the dusty road which led from the bay and sea-wall to the township, and the sweating skeleton in the shins propped with alacrity in glad response to a tug at the reins. Freckled, pale-faced children, diligently fishing the bay with pin and cotton, neglected their screaming bait—the death struggles of which had previously formed their sport—and stood with dragging limbs, alert and all attention. Loafers, who sprang from nowhere into life round a departing steamer, like fungus round a damp stump, climbed enthusiastically off some empty fruit cases and lounged up. One and all they congregated round, staring. Their slow eyes probed the raw and quivering wound of her whose crime was the greatest of all—the crime that has been found out.

Jennings, the driver, threw the spokes to an officious small boy, and spoke familiarly to Senior-Sergeant Smith, who occupied the back seat. He had become aware—yet not blatantly so—of a social chain bridged, when the Senior-Sergeant sat behind on a nubby six inches of louverboard, and felt the iron enter his soul at every jar on the unblinded road metal. Besides, Jennings, himself merely mortal, could not be entirely indifferent to the part he would play later the "Bushman's Rest" in the recital of "what I sex to Smith," or "what Smith sex to me," and how she had sat like a lady taking an airing in the motor car, and "sex nothing to nobody."

Senior-Sergeant Smith was going on with his captive, and why shouldn't he? It was entirely owing to his conspicuous bravery that her smart capture had been effected, though she was merely standing on the verandah with a child's shoe in her hand when he ordered her to surrender at the nomination of Edward Rex. Just now she sprang from the backboard, drawing herself up superbly at the suggestion of assistance, and the wink which Senior-Sergeant Smith threw out at Jennings further ratified the abridgement of the social gulf.

A little girl, trailing a pin and a drowned worm in the dust behind her, regarded her saucer-eyed, with the unblinking, insouciance of youth; and, at the sight of the child, a sudden flutter in her long, white throat, and an avoidance of all visible things with two hands pressed over her eyes made the sergeant start to attention. She knelt a moment in the dust at the baby's feet, then came slowly and indifferently up the gangway.

I had no ladies whose fine sensibilities might be wounded by her nearness; and as the forecabin passengers were madder than usual with an extra heat and an extra thirst, they brought her up to me.

The telegraph clanged its alarm in the engine-room, awakening the steamer's great heart. The gangway was hauled up, ropes thrown off, and as the purser withdrew his face from a mango he shredded its fibres from his teeth.

She walked down the companion and into the saloon with the swinging, upright grace of an Eastern water carrier. Her intense black eyes glanced neither to right nor left, but looked from under drooping lids, straight ahead. Senior-Sergeant Smith left her with me, with instructions to take her to her cabin, and "keep an eye on her." I have a glimmering that, in the excess of his official zeal, he would fain have gone so far as to personally oversee her toilette, although I rapped out tartly that even a woman under conviction could not possibly get through the port-hole. By his general and uncompromising inflexibility of bearing, it was evident that he meant to do his duty.

But just then the unexpected, the beastly, the unprecedented, the altogether unseemable happened. The result of heat, beer and sun and feli, a green-tinged heap of demoralization into his bunk. The best steward took off his promotion stripes, his boots and official helmet, and deposited them in a locker.

To the throbbing accompaniment of the engines, we stroled like lords down the Queensland coast, in a sea like oil, with even the old Fitzroy keeping an even keel.

At 6.30 I brought her dinner, together with the information that the dejected heap on her port side alleyway permitted her to go on deck for an hour after. But, sitting in the settee, with Jasper on the shining harbor, he left me—al-

eyelids closed she merely indrew her red lips between small tigerish teeth.

She was lovely, with a loveliness which whispered of floating lilacs of hibiscus and frangi-panni twining her blue-black hair; and told of a flame-shot poinsettia, and honey-droops, and the great white magnolia petal, she realized obscurely that life would be well lost, and death well died a thousand times for love as she knew it—love white-flamed and burning to the bone.

And, so thinking, I stood before her with a plate of soup—this woman guilty of double murder.

The stars are always pretty bright up Queensland way, but to-night there seemed instead an element of vulgarity in the prefrivdence of their display, and the familiarity with which they jostled the Southern cross, the great white four-pointed swaying overhead occasionally contributed a shower of fireflies to the aerial illuminations, and as we lope along the Queensland coast, jagged here and there with sudden hill spurs, earth, sea, and sky seemed stilled in expectancy.

I got her a deck chair, and sat opposite to the skylight, just for the sensuous pleasure of letting her beauty percolate through my senses. She had been entrusted to my care with many instructions as to my course of action in a hypothetical situation, but so far she had not made any call on my latent heroism, or attempted to do the ends of justice. She sat as though the end of all things was reached.

The men were in the saloon playing Bridge, and mopping the oozing whiff from their faces. Down in the forecabin the voice of a demented girl, securely bound to a stanchion, rose in alternate shrieks or died down in monotone. All the way from Townsville to Sydney her seething brain poured its vortex of meaningless ideas though the channel of her lips, and long after when the doors of an asylum were closed on her, still talking, she talked herself into Eternity. My prisoner seemed to hear nothing. Her eyes were fixed on the white feather of foam we trailed from our propeller in the starlit sapphire sea. Presently she spoke, each word dropping clear, but stolen by me.

"The dear, good, hooded women, with bloodless hands and crosses of gold laid on their flat, thin breasts—pergared their love, and theirs alone, had been best. But who can say? . . . The love of woman for man, the hurling avalanche tearing at one's heart in its impetuosity, sublimating one's own being under streams of delight. . . . Yes, better that than the pale wraiths of affection, the apothecies of desire, the crucifixion. . . . Then, too, there was the silken-haired bit of immortality. . . ."

She stopped, and presently, in a crooning voice, sang Laurence Hope's Kashmiri plaint: "Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds, that float. . . ."

On those cool waters where we used to dwell, I would have rather felt you round my throat, Crushing out life, than waving me farewell.

Pale hands. . . . Where are you now?

She trailed off with a sob, and afterwards addressed me direct. "Yes, there was the lady, and what depicts of a woman's affection could have averted that? . . . The man! He was ugly, beautifully ugly, and I loathed him. He was the ugliest man I ever saw, and he was a keen crafty face, as insatiable as the Book of Fate, and as irresistible. Clinging lips he has over teeth, fashioned to crunch out life, and his eyes were ruy heads of jet. Such he was, and as such I made his heart my sacristy. At first he would kiss my throat, my hands, my feet, crushing my flesh with hot caresses—it was all so new and exquisite. What had the world, the whole wide world, any, Paradise itself, to offer as its own reward? . . ."

Then he came. She was begotten of my intuition that love is a flower-strewn hillside, the summit of which is never reached till the path is traced by baby hands. "Ah, how I loved her, with lips as honey dropped into the heart of blue periwinkles, and hand like pink-crumpled petals where dew spangles creep. For her sake I would have hugged the hated hand of emotionality, which would stamp her with the seal of the accredited; but he was tiring already—not of her, but of me. Then the fever that sleeps in every woman woke and snarled. I fought. . . . for her sake. . . . truly, for her sake."

Then he consented, but in Townsville we were too well known. We would go to Sydney for the ceremony, for there he was, comparatively, I entirely, a stranger. In Sydney, that heartless Babylon of the shining harbor, he left me—al-

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ped out into the dark of the night with my kisses hot on his mouth, and the warmth of my clinging arms at his throat—left me penniless and alone."

She stopped and moistened dry, burning lips.

"The walls of a hospital closed round weeks of delirium and almost comatose convalescence. Then came a further period of alternating frenzy and lethargic acceptance of things. Oh, but they were good to me in that ward by the sea!"

"Then on a sudden I woke to delight. On hands and knees, each night when the lights were lit and the city glittered under spurious yellow daylight, I would creep to hell's rim and laugh with the waiting crew, as, one after another, Babylon dragged her children from her benests, and tossed them over into the spaces, whose surrounding fires were devil stoked. They shrieked as their clenching fingers grabbed her knees—for Babylon's feet are warmed in hell—and shrieked as flesh, cartilage and bone crumbled beneath their touch, and, filling their mouths with dust and noisome things, silenced them."

"I watched them every night, torn from their mother's poisoned nipples and kicked off from her contemptuous lap, and I saw that each clutching hand made Hell's mouth yawn wider, but Babylon no less."

Of it was rare fun, for I was only a spectator, and the actors all played for me.

"No little children came hurrying over, none save men! men! and women stamped with the vices, the craft, the lust of men. But when the silvery sheen of baby curls had deepened into gold, and the periwinkle sweet of their lips closed with deadly nightshade, then and not till then, they too, enveloped in a sickly odor of sweetness, and trampled with the trailing golden masses of their allurements, came head-long with the rest."

"A little child with sheeny curls, I had known in another far-off world. A world where a man and woman had crooned moonlit melodies in the dusk, his hands caressing the keys, hers caressing him, where hoya, white and pink, clung to the walls of a wide verandah, and drowsy moon-moths flitted among the stars of the jasmine."

"Where was that world?"

"Suddenly I remembered, and, in remembering, my laugh died at its source. That baby's soul must be saved from its birthright of doom which would fall when its hair turned gold!"

"I dragged myself away from the crumbling edge of Babylon, for a savior's work was mine. Those sheeny curls must never bronze; that baby soul was for Heaven."

"Do not ask me how I got there, for an eternity of eternities tolls between Babylon and the farther North. It was dusk, the dusk that I remembered in the world of fau-fall ideals, and in a dim, half-forgotten way, it seemed in keeping with memory that the elders should be in bloom, and the jasmine starting the porch. A withered trail of bougainvillea and a little shoe lay on the verandah, and at the sight of the shoe I laughed. It struck me as humorous to see the material possessions of a soul which would soon be wandering naked-footed among the flowers of Paradise. On the ghostly white-painted step to the verandah, like well-tended grave stones, my bruised and bleeding foot left a sinister impression. I knew where to find her—he had not moved her room—and she lay in her cot, her cheek resting on her hand. . . . O pale hands, the tortured voice wailed out, "where are you now?"

"It was only momentary, the sensation of sending a little soul to Heaven. She scarcely stirred, only her eyes looked up at me, and, . . . the black bruise at the throat."

"Then a sound stole to me standing there—the sound of music notes with loving hands, laid on. An inspiration! One soul to Heaven, the other to Hell! Hell's lips were twitching over there in Babylon, and Hell needed some pliancing for the soul now winging its flight away. I glided to the music room, and, as in that other world, I saw his hands caressing him. She stopped, and the melody broke and died, as their souls met through their lips. . . . I knew. . . . my soul, my lips, my whole conscious being too, once. . . . She trailed the long draperies from the room, and he took up the refrain. . . . Was it a steel grip from these small hands, or was it a jolly laugh from Hell, that brought his bulging eyeballs and blackened tongue just behind him. Was it their pressure that shaped his neck like an eggshell, or was that chuckle from the waiting band below?"

"I cannot tell."

"I stayed by him, lying a jumbled unlabeled heap, till she returned, for I could not tear myself away. This was my revenge. . . . she had been a friend of mine in that other world and knew all. . . . It would surely have been inartistic to have awarded her, too, death's oblivion. For her there would be many long future nights with memory as her bedfellow the memory of that shuddersome heap on the carpet."

At her last words some force impelled me from my seat to her side, and I had her gripped by the shoulder.

"You are going to Babylon to be hanged!" I almost shrieked. "You will be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and a party of fools will

hold a travesty of a post-mortem on your body to ascertain the cause of death. Your eyes will bulge, your tongue will blacken, even as his; your neck will sear me with a black line, as hers—little pale hands. You will be hanged! hanged!"

Stepping swiftly, I pressed hot, agonized lips to hers. Then deliberately I walked away to where the port light reddened the waters on the other side.

Suddenly my hands were gripped. "Thank you," she said at my side. "Please God you will not suffer."

"Thank you."

I gritted my teeth, and pressed my hands to my ears.

But I did suffer. I lost my billet, and Senior-Sergeant Smith lost his stripes, for the undertow is treacherous inside the Barrier Reef.

Mary Leith in Sydney Bulletin.

The death took place at Stettler a week ago last Sunday of Mr. G. K. Atkinson, a former mayor of Chatham, Ontario, who came to Stettler in its early days and started in business with his son in law, Mr. R. M. Mercer.

STRAYED FROM PREMISES, 738 First street, one dark brown yearling Filley, white spot in forehead, white hind feet, small white spot on inside of one front foot, no stripes. Anyone giving information will be rewarded.

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	Laurel	21
	Laurel	28
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White Star Line	Adriatic	13
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For rates and complete information, sleeping car reservations, also Atlantic Steamship reservations, write J. E. PROCTOR,

Trav. Passenger Agent, Box 1625, Calgary, Alta., or apply to

R. L. PICKELL, City Ticket Agent

145 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta

N.B.—In connection with Atlantic Steamship tickets these rates take effect Nov. 23, and limited to Five Months with above extension privileges.

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• We have a special sale of Suits on, which will last for the balance of this year.

These suits are all new this fall, the latest cut and the newest patterns.

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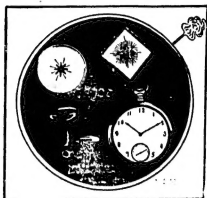
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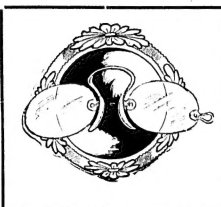
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Next door to Carpenter's Pharmacy

About Town.

Charles Bell was killed at the Clover Bar G.T.P. bridge on Wednesday afternoon. He went into the powder house and it is supposed dropped a cartridge which set off some other explosives. Foreman O'Brien very heroically rushed into the house, gathered up the cartridges he could and carried Bell out. The injured man died in half an hour.

Contractors Johnston and McMillan of Winnipeg are in the city. They will go west over the proposed route of the G.T.P. with a view of tendering on the work of that section.

The Stratheona city officers may be located on the second floor of the new Cadellou's temple.

An addition will be made to the Penderis hotel. Mr. Finch has been to Winnipeg in connection with the plans.

A petition is being circulated to remove the post office to the old building at the corner of McDougall and Hilda, the first floor of which has been repaired.

The Church of Christ will erect a church building in Stratheona.

The C. and E. Townsite Co. from whom Stratheona purchased property for market, city hall and riverside park sites, has agreed to accept the purchase money in three annual payments, with nothing paid down at present.

A two room school will be opened at the beginning of the year on Ross flats.

Typewriting and stenography are to be added to the High school commercial course in 1908.

It is proposed to establish cadet corps in connection with the city schools.

The Conservative Club was addressed last Friday by Mr. F. W. Rolt on the subject of Liberal corruption at Ottawa.

Rev. Arthur Murray is holding Sunday afternoon services for men at the Opheum theatre.

An excellent programme was enjoyed by the students and their friends at Alberta College under the auspices of the Literary Society. Mr. E. A. Ottewill, the newly-elected president, was in the chair.

The Catholic Young Men of the city have organized a club with the following officers: Hon. president Mr. Justice Beck; hon. vice pres., J. H. Gariepy; hon. 2nd vice pres., Senator Roy; president, Dr. Ternan; vice pres., Mr. Milton Martin, sec. secretary, Mr. Ross; financial secretary, Mr. Laure; treasurer, Mr. Reid; executive, Messrs Landry, Duhamel and Gorman. The following committees were appointed: Hockey, Messrs Duhamel, Ross and Ars-nault. Music, Justice Beck and Messrs Hall and Bilodeau; dramatic, Messrs McCoshan, Gorman and Tessier; house, Messrs Boucher, Foley and Finn.

The Ellison flour mill at Lethbridge is ready to commence operations.

A serious outbreak of fire occurred in the Bowtell block, Vermilion, on Monday, of last week and H. V. Fieldhouse's law office was badly damaged.

James Newhart of High River is about to launch the Crossfield Chronicle.

Dawson's Departed Glories

On a recent evening in Calgary W. L. Walsh, K.C., delivered an address to the Young People's Anglican association. He took for his subject the always interesting one of the search for gold, and he spoke eloquently of the Canadian Yukon and the trials, success and failures of the strong and weak men who had gone there in search of fortune.

"Who of them can cease to remember the surging crowds of humanity that blocked the streets of Dawson City, the stories of the wonderful discoveries of gold that set men mild with excitement or the hope with which new adventures in the search of the precious metal were undertaken, the wild and uncontrollable joy when success came, the bitter heart breaking despair, when weeks or months of unending toil and indescribable privation ended in but failure? Who can forget the friendships formed amongst the most whole-souled men in all this broad land or the enemies created by the most despicable of God's creatures, for in this land of extremes in everything the best and the worst of humanity were gathered."

"This land is so big with story, so filled with conditions which exist nowhere else in Canada, so completely in a class by itself in history, its surroundings, and its associations that no brief reference to them, such as I have made, can give any adequate idea of it. But beyond all this there is something about it that I cannot describe to you, neither can I account for it, that is the grip it gets on a man, the love of it, the longing for it, that he cannot shake off, the reluctance that one has to leave, the almost irresistible desire to get back to it, a feeling which I cannot describe, in my own words."

He said: "It is the land of mystery and wonder, a land that is filled to the brim with fascination for the venturesome souls that seek to win from it the golden treasures that lie buried within its frozen bosom. It is the land of heart-breaking despair and unbounding joy. It has been the cradle of many a magnificent fortune and the grave of many a hope. Who is there that has not lived in it that has not felt the spell of it upon him long after he has for the last time steamed up the river or hit the overland trail for the outside?"

Constable Clarke of the R.N.W.M.P. died of typhoid in McLeod hospital.

Quarters are now ready for the R.N.W.M.P. constable who will be stationed at Tofteld.

The new West End Methodist church on Fourteenth street was formally dedicated last Sunday, Rev. Dr. Riddell preaching in the evening and Rev. A. S. Tuttle in the morning. Rev. A. J. Law will be pastor of both this and the Norwood church.

W. E. Martin who was supposed to have been drowned near Irvine last summer, his clothes having been found on the river bank, was seen in Medicine Hat last week but has disappeared again. The police are on the look out for him on a charge of wife desertion.

Ald. Hutchinson has resigned from the Medicine Hat Council on account of pressure of private business.

Bracelets

This year we are showing a very large line of solid gold Bracelets. We have some very pretty designs ranging as high as \$50.00. We also have some pretty designs in gold filled. We especially mention a Snake Bracelet set with emeralds at \$9.00. We would be pleased to show you this and would set your selection aside until Xmas.

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A.1. Plate

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Women's patent colt slippers, French and military heels, 1, 2 and 3 straps, something new and up-to-date for evening wear—\$2.50 to 4.50

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To the Ratepayers of Edmonton.

Having agreed to accept the nomination for Mayor for the ensuing year I wish to state clearly and concisely the policy I would recommend and pursue if elected.

I realize to some extent the position of the city's affairs at the present time and would consider it the very first duty of the new mayor and council to fully acquaint themselves with the city's financial position, and if found in an unsatisfactory condition endeavor at the earliest possible moment to place it on a satisfactory basis.

It is generally admitted that next year must be one of strict economy, that no unnecessary purchases be made, that no expenditures be made without careful consideration and an absolute certainty of being able to finance all expenditures that may be made.

Certain contracts for work that have been entered on must be carried out.

Extensions and additions to our public utilities will no doubt be absolutely necessary and as the city has a monopoly on these it must supply all reasonable demands.

I believe in municipal ownership of public utilities if they can be made to pay and at the same time render good and efficient service. My idea as to their management would be to have the revenue producing utilities run independent of each other, and each under a capable manager who would be responsible for the success of his particular department. I would endeavor to systematize every department of the public service and see that they were run in such a way as to meet the needs of the people and give general satisfaction.

I am not in favor of selling the street railway franchise.

Edmonton is committed to municipal ownership and I believe in the policy. There is no reason why such undertakings as Edmonton has entered into or has under contemplation should not under good business management be made to pay and result in lessening the burden, making living cheaper and proving a direct benefit to our citizens as a whole. This is the purpose of municipal ownership.

The fire and police departments will be kept up to the limit of efficiency.

I consider that the improvement of the streets generally is of the very first importance and that no time should be lost in attending to them.

I believe in fostering and encouraging industries as nothing will build up a city faster than manufacturing establishments that will give employment to labor. Special efforts, therefore, should be put forth to make Edmonton a manufacturing center as well as the commercial metropolis of the West. I see there is a movement on foot to amend the city charter so as to give tenants the right to vote at municipal elections. I think this should be done.

I consider the assessment as it now stands is altogether too high and the taxes very heavy. If it is at all possible both the assessment and the taxes should be reduced. My own interests, like yours, are identical with those of the city. If a city's affairs are well managed we should all be benefited. Good business management should be exercised in the conduct of all civic affairs and full value should be received for every dollar expended. You are the people who pay the bills and you cannot get out of doing so.

I believe in good wages, good men and good work.

I have every confidence in the future of Edmonton and in the ultimate success of the city's enterprises.

If the citizens of Edmonton shall give me the opportunity of contributing to the further progress of the city their confidence will be highly appreciated, and I can assure you it will be a matter of very great pride to me to contribute to the city's growth in every way in my power.

JOHN A. McDOUGALL.

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1904
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newsstands, at the leading hotels and on the
trains.
It may also be secured from
Wilson Bros., Calgary
J. E. Tipton, Strathcona
J. D. Hutton, Strathcona
W. M. Sutherland, Fort Saskatchewan
Hiram's Bros., Vermilion
Snyder & Eversfield, Carleton Place.



SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30



The Saturday News is the official
organ of the Alberta Farmers' Association, but the latter is only responsible for the views which are expressed in this department of the paper. While the publishers are thoroughly in sympathy with the objects of the A.F.A., it is manifestly unfair to ascribe opinions which are expressed in other parts of the paper, dealing for the most part with matters which have no direct connection with agriculture and which would reasonably be expected to give rise to controversy, either to the officers or to the members of the Association.

OBJECTS OF THE A. F. A.

(Extract from the constitution of the Alberta Farmers' Association.)
This Association is not a political organization nor does it purpose endorsing the policy of any political party nor the candidature of any politician and the object of the Association shall be:

- (1) To forward the interests of the producers of grain and live stock in every honorable and legitimate way.
- (2) To hold meetings for the discussion of subjects pertaining to the production of grain and live stock, and the best means of marketing the same.
- (3) To encourage the production of superior varieties of grain, and the breeding and rearing of the best stock.
- (4) To encourage the establishment of industries which will give the producer greater facilities for marketing his produce.
- (5) To obtain by united effort profitable and equitable prices for farm produce.
- (6) To watch legislation relating to the farmers' interests, particularly that affecting the marketing and transportation of farm produce.
- (7) To suggest to Parliament from time to time as it is found necessary through duly appointed delegates, the passing of any new legislation to meet changing conditions and requirements.

The officers of the A.F.A. are as follows:

President Joshua Fletcher; Vice-President, Thomas H. Woolford, Carleton Place; Secretary - Treasurer, W. F. Stevens, Clover Bar; Directors, George A. Ball, Strathcona; Rice Sheppard, Strathcona; Henry Jamieson, Red Deer; George MacDonald, Olds; T. W. Harris, Raymond; E. N. Barker, Carleton Place.

Freight rates per bushel on wheat, oats and barley from the following points to Port William and Port Arthur.

From	Wheat	Oats	Barley
Edmonton	15.00	8.50	12.00
Strathcona			
Fort Saskatchewan			
Saskatchewan			
Vegreville			
Wainwright	14.40	8.16	11.52
Lloydminster			
Stoney Plain	15.00	8.51	12.48
Via C.P.R.			
Edmonton			
Strathcona			
Wainwright	15.00	8.5	12.00
Red Deer			
Delisle			
Calgary	14.4	8.5	12.00
Okotoks	15.00	8.84	12.48
Macleod	14.4	8.5	12.00
Pincher Creek	15.00	8.84	12.48
Lethbridge	13.8	8.16	11.52
Raymond	17.4	10.2	14.4
Carleton Place	18.00	10.54	14.88
Clareholm	18.00	8.84	12.48
High River	15.00	8.84	12.48
Stettin	16.20	9.18	12.96
Daysland	16.20	9.18	12.96

The terminal elevators charge 1 cent per bushel for elevating and cleaning including the first 15 days storage, and 1 cent per bushel for storage during each succeeding 30 days or part thereof.

The rule of the trade is that the shipper is allowed ten days free storage, that is to say, if he sells his product within ten days of its entry into storage, the buyer pays the storage, after that time the storage is paid by the shipper. The additional charges are forty cents, and twenty five cents respectively, per car for grading and weighing. When advances are made by commission men it is customary to charge at the rate of 6 per cent on these advances from the time they are made until sale is effected on behalf of the shippers.

Alberta Farmer.

HOLD YOUR SEED GRAIN.

It is evident that a great many farmers will have to buy seed grain for next year's purposes. It will hardly be possible this year to obtain it in Ontario or any of the other provinces to the east of us. Therefore Alberta must supply herself. In order to do this, grain that is fit for sowing should not be used for other purposes. With a view to preventing a shortage in seed grain next spring, the Westsaskatchewan Board of Trade has requested that we join in a movement to secure a supply of seed grain before what is in the province leaves the farmer's hands. The movement is a worthy one and we take pleasure in pledging to it the individual support of the A.F.A. In order to make this movement a success a system of gathering and testing samples and filling orders will have to be established whereby buyers and sellers will both be protected. This will take a little time but we doubt not it will be made as brief as possible. In the last issue of The News we stated that the farmer who is in a position to hold and hold his seed grain, something worth holding. We wish to emphasize the statement and urge that it be held until every settler is supplied. Next year's crop should be made as sure as little as possible from the shortcomings of the past season's erratic weather. If the various secretaries and other officers of the A.F.A. will begin now to note the amount of seed grain required in their vicinity in excess of what can be supplied or amount on hand in excess of that required this information can be forwarded promptly when called for. Let every member do a little to this end and much will be accomplished.

W. F. Stevens, Sec. A.F.A.

THE MAN IN THE GLASS HOUSE.

Canadians like to flatter themselves that they are not oppressed by trusts, etc., to the extent that the people of the United States find themselves, but with experiences such as that of Mr. Pruitt, the rancher of Medicine Hat reported in the last issue of The News continuing to come to light, it appears we are in very much the same position as the man in the glass house. In our opinion, if the facts in this case are as reported, this is a matter of public interest and concerns more than Mr. Pruitt himself. It is a matter which should be submitted to the railway commission and pushed to the limit in order that the public know just where we stand in this matter of responsibility of railway corporations for the contract of the agents. If there is no law governing cases such as this, then it is high time such a law is enacted. A recent issue of a prominent western publication pointed with pride to the fact that in various parts of Canada criminal action had been instituted against employers of railways because through negligence or disobedience of orders they had caused the death of certain persons. It was pointed out that this was done in the interest of the public and that no one should have his life put in jeopardy because of the carelessness or disobedience of a common carrier such as a railway. But it may not be amiss to direct attention to the fact that every one of the persons prosecuted are merely employees. None rise to the dignity of an official, and it might be further

pointed out that it is to the interest of the companies also that accidents be reduced to a minimum; and so long as mere employers are prosecuted while officials may commit acts also against the public interest, for which the law knows no remedy, no one need be surprised if a great many people get suspicious of these prosecutions that are instituted so promptly against employees.

Third Annual Convention

Of The Alberta Farmers' Association
Will be held in Edmonton Jan.
8th and 9th, 1908.

An executive meeting of the A.F.A. was held in Strathcona Nov. 23rd, 1907, for the purpose of making arrangements for holding the third annual convention of the Association. After consulting the interests of the locals in the various parts of the province and taking into consideration the fact that two conventions have been held in the south and one in the central portion of the province, it was decided that the place of meeting should be Edmonton, and January 8th and 9th the time for holding the convention.

The secretary was instructed to issue the call and to enumerate there in the various questions that have arisen since the last convention. The organization should inform their delegates for the guidance of the central body for the ensuing year. The secretary read then a communication from the acting secretary of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association regarding the proposed joint convention of the associations of the three prairie provinces. To consider the question of marketing grain and he was instructed to inform the Saskatchewan G.G.A. that the A.F.A. was prepared to accept any who would attend such convention pursuant to such call.

A letter from the secretary of the Saskatchewan Board of Trade and Agriculture was also read, and the secretary was instructed to request that steps be taken to secure possession of as much as possible of the grain which is suitable for seed, and be made available to the farmers at as near cost price as possible, and in addition to the action already taken by the secretary assuring the Westsaskatchewan Board of the hearty cooperation of the association in any effort local or general to secure good seed grain to the farmers; and requesting the seed grain commission at Calgary for information regarding the earliest time at which germinating tests could be made under his direction, on motion of Mr. Ball seconded by Mr. Sheppard the following resolution was adopted and a copy directed to be sent to the Minister of Agriculture.

Whereas in the opinion of the Executive Board of this Association, unless prompt action is taken in the matter of the marketing of seed grain will be a serious one in Alberta especially in the newer settlements.

Resolved, that the secretary direct the attention of the Department of Agriculture to the matter and urge that he go to the extent of his constitutional powers to secure good seed grain now and make it available for settlers in time for seeding and protect them against the alternative of exorbitant prices or inferior seed grain later on.

Resolved further, that the secretary tender the Minister the assistance of the association in gathering information regarding those who need seed grain and those who have it for sale.

A very largely signed petition from Vegreville complaining of the difficulties settlers were experiencing in the Vegreville districts to secure such schools of the land there as holding and conveying land at figures too high for the ordinary settler to purchase, thus making settlement very sparse and rendering it difficult to secure the number of pupils within the distance specified by the ordinance.

The president and secretary were instructed to sign the petition and present the same to the Minister of Education.

Alvan Dickson, the man who was shot in the Poudre Hill country by accident on Tuesday last week died at the hospital in McLeod, the bullet having penetrated the lungs, causing complications.

MR. MAN

There are only two concerns that can carry the risk on your life. One is a Life Insurance Company, and the other is your family. Which is carrying your risk? If your family, you had better see us right away. At this season of the year, man, who is not a miser or a pauper will make some extra personal sacrifice in order to gladden his home with Christmas gifts. Would not an Imperial Life Policy be a most acceptable Christmas gift? We would like to go into this matter with you. Do not delay, write to-day to

The Imperial Life Assurance Co.

C. D. ROGERS, District Manager
R. J. ROBINSON, City Agent

P.O. Box 917
Phone 155

Northern Bank Chambers
Edmonton

The Board of Trade at Pincher Creek has reorganized with H. E. Hyde as president.

A murder was committed in Blairmore last week, a notorious woman named Lewis being found mutilated in a shocking manner. A Chinaman named Sing has been arrested but the evidence against him is not strong.

The Frank Paper is advertising the sowing of the great slide at that town with pine seed. "Without the ghostly pine as a reminder of what once happened," it says, "you will soon see how quickly the fears of the safety of residences in Frank will pass away. We believe the government can be prevailed upon to supply the seed, the cost of sowing it would be a small item. But would the seed grow? Take a drive around the old slide any day and see the young pines that have seeded themselves growing in the edge of the rocks, you will be satisfied of the feasibility of the scheme."



FARM AND
FURNITURE SALES
A SPECIALTY

F. M. LOUGHRAN
Auctioneer
Queens Avenue
North of Market

SEEDS, TREES, PLANTS

For the Farm, Garden, Lawn, Boulevard or Conservatory.

Acclimatized Stock

Bulbs for Fall Planting

Oldest established Nursery on the Mainland, Catalogue free.

M. J. HENRY

3010 Westminister Rd., Vancouver, B.C.

N O W

is the time to buy a splendid new Nine Roomed House, close in, with full basement, furnace, electric light, rough plumbing etc., only \$1000.00 with a very small cash payment. Act today, it may be sold on Monday.

THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST CO.
140 Jasper West. Phone 302

Mac's Cash Grocery

Corner Namayo and Greisbach Try our Maple Leaf Tea. This line is put up expressly for our trade and cannot be excelled. Prompt Delivery

For the CHOICEST CUTS AND ROASTS

Go to

Namayo's New Cash Meat Market

Orders called for and delivered

Aimless Drifting

No friendly wind will pilot you into the harbor of success. The world permits you to drift the way you make up your mind to go. Take command of yourself. Before you step look ahead; before you act, plan and take definite aim. If your aim is high, join this institution and let us help you to a

GOOD POSITION

We offer you an opportunity to make something of yourself. You can obtain the assistance desired in either day or evening classes, with the most satisfactory results.

Day Classes, - \$50 for 6 months
Evening Classes, \$12 for 3 months
Enter any time. Enquire now

Alberta College

Phone 344 545 First Street

Money Saved

A SAVING OF

25c to 50c on the \$1

CAN BE MADE ON YOUR

Grocery, Clothing, Dry

Goods and Shoe Bills

BY DEALING WITH US.

ALL GOODS ARE QUOTED

EXPRESS OR FREIGHT PREPAID

We pay freight to any railway

station in Western Ontario, Manitoba

Saskatchewan, Alberta and British

Columbia.

Write for our latest price list, it

is mailed free on request.

We only handle the best goods

money can buy, only goods of best

materials, manufacturers and packers

shipped.

We make prompt shipments.

We absolutely Guarantee Satisfaction

and delivery.

All goods guaranteed or Money

Refunded. It is a duty to you, to

Your Family and to Your Pocket to

investigate our prices.

We do not belong to the Jobbers'

or Retailers' guild or association or

any trust. References: Any Bank,

Railway, or Express Company in the

City, or the names of twenty

thousand satisfied patrons in the

four provinces.

Write for our list to-day.

Northwest Supply House

259 & 261 STANLEY ST.

Winnipeg, - Manitoba

ROLLIN MEARS KELLEY

ROBERT MAYS

Fire, Accident, Liability, Insurance

Kelley & Mays

P.O. DRAWER 39

PHONE 160

Room 5 Cristall Block

Edmonton, Alta.

White Fish20c Each
35c for 2

CHOICE SALMON AND HALIBUT

Several dozen Ducks, Geese
Turkeys and Chickens
in stock for Sunday.Nice Line of
Fresh and Salt MeatsTripe - 2 lbs. 25c
Headcheese - 2 lbs. 25c**....E. TOMLINSON....**

SUCCESSOR TO WILLIAMSON BROS.

Phone 80 350 Jasper E.

**You will soon be getting
the boy ready for school**

Why not fit him out with a new Suit, new Cap or new shoes that he will be proud of. We can give you boys' goods that are known for wear, style and reliability.

Boys' Norfolk Suits
from \$2.75 to \$8.50**Boys' 3 Piece Suits**
from \$4.00 to \$9.00**WILLIAMS' SHOES FOR BOYS**

in French Kip, Box Calf and Grain Leathers from \$1.75 to \$2.50 can't be beat for good hard wear.

Duncan Bros. & Butters

Successors to McDougall & Secord

DEPARTMENT STORE

3 & 5 Jasper Avenue West

Phone 36

NEW FALL STYLES

IN

DOROTHY DODD SHOES**To the careful Dresser:**

There is no Shoe to compare with the famous Dorothy Dodd bench made styles.

The
New
American
Fall
StylesAsk
to see
the new
"Auto"
Boot

Our range for Fall in the Dorothy Dodd Shoe includes a number of exclusive styles in Tan, Calf, Vici Kid, Patent Kid and Patent Colt, \$4.50 to \$6.00 per pair.

W. Johnstone Walker & Co.

267 Jasper Avenue East

The Store That Sells For Lowest Prices

**A Night Out in London**There comes a ghostly space
Twixt midnight and the dawn,
When from the heart of London
Town
The tides of life are drawn.What time when light is due,
Outcasts in slumber deep
About the streets in London Town
Grow troubled in their sleep.There are mornings when all the
world is silent, and there are often
mornings when life stirs and sings
everywhere.Unfortunately this isn't one of
my singing mornings. Neither am I
in that particular frame of mind
when with all the heart in the
world I am inclined to lean back in
a great chair in front of a fire, and
listen to some one else substituting
my part in the programme. And
you and I are in luck this week.
In place of what would at best have
been but a feeble rendering of some
simple theme, you are to have the
most charming artist in all Canada
give her interpretation of "A Night
Out" in the heart of the great,
wicked, fascinating London.It is no new thing this, this don-
ning a dress and setting out to
learn from personal experience the
temptations and hardships of life
in its various phases. Of late years
one author after another has adop-
ted this plan of obtaining inside
information, but the difference in
the present instance is found in
that "Kit" aside from her being a
marvelously-gifted word artist, is
herself a woman of such indiscrib-
able charm, humor, sympathy and
tenderness, is so whole-heartedly
a perfect harp of a thousand en-
treaties, that when she assumes the
role of an "Arriet" she is that
"Arriet," a great play actress she
may incidentally be, but that of all
she is a woman who Kipling would
describe as "one who knows and
understands" and being an artist
can tell us.I notice that in an introductory
paragraph to the article in question
the editor refers to Kit's great love
and admiration for Charles Dickens,
the man who has done more to con-
vey an adequate expression of the
great city of London than any au-
thor of any time.That imitation is akin to love we
all know and no one can read Kit's
description and not be reminded of
the great master, but imitation
never was nor can be a charge laid
at this woman artist's door; rather it
would be fairer to say that what
appeals in Charles Dickens—his love
of humanity, keen insight into
human nature, his seeing eyes (and
magic pen)—the same qualities are
in this woman so wonderfully de-
veloped that Kit may better be reck-
oned co-artist with the master she
loves than a pupil who has modelled
herself after his pattern. I wish
space permitted my reproducing the
article in toto, but having only a
modest little corner in The Saturday
News premises I have hard work to
accommodate half the friends and
interesting things I would like to.
With this word of explanation I
leave you to follow "Kit" on her
night out."In an Arriet 'at a shabby black
skirt, an old black and white stuff
blouse, a grey golf cape, which had
seen better days—all borrowed
from a friend for the occasion—I set
out one night at 10.30 for the Em-
bankment, where I expected to
'sleep' till dawn. The 'at' was a
battered one of black straw, with a
couple of broken green wings in it,
and the rest of one's apparel "be-
longed." Boarding a green bus,
warranted to set you down in High
Holborn, whence another—a dark
blue—would take you to Charing
Cross, you speedily become aware
of your proper position in society.
The lady sitting next to you drew
away her handsome skirt and mantle;
one who was opposite be-
gan at once to comfortably patro-
nize you. Hearing one ask us to a
Charing X bus she said with amiable
tolerance: "I am going there, my
good woman, and if you get out
when I do you will be at Charing
Cross.""Thank you, ma'am," said I.
"Oh, you're Irish, evidently."
"I am, ma'am." "Are you look-
ing for a place? because if you are,
and have respectable references,
you may apply to me." "Thank you,
ma'am; I've got a very good place."
"Oh, you've a night out!" "Yes,
ma'am." Whereupon we fell into
silence. The whole aspect of the
world had changed. The bus con-
ductor, between moments of calling
"Olborn! 'igh 'Olborn," con-
fided to me as I sat in the nearest corner,
"ow as 'e was suspended for three
days, an' 'ad lost eleven shillings,
along of it, an' didn't know 'ow as
'e should face 'is wife, an' as how
it was hall along of a passenger wot
said as 'ow he'd charged three for
a tu' penny ride, I con-
fided withhim and said, 'as it was hard, but
wot could you do?' "Be a Soci-
ist, that's wot to do in these 'ere
bloomin' times, wot a chap is
ground hunder foot. But you
change 'ere. Take that there dark
blue 'bus for Charing Cross, and
good night. 'Olborn, Benk, Benk."It was 11 o'clock as I made my
way along the Embankment. Al-
ready the iron seats were being filled
up by the homeless. Being a candi-
date for one, it was a case of search-
ing closely for a likely lot with
whom to "house" for the night. A
little old woman, shabby to the last
degree, but of cheery countenance,
came up. "Are you looking for a
seat, my dear? Well, now you just
go along past the Needle, to where
the wall is high and gives a shunt;
there's two seats there, an' one of
'ems thine. I left a lydy to keep it.
You can have the other—the one
next me." "But where are you go-
ing?" "For a 'a-penny tea, my
dear, an' a 'aporth o' rum in it. I
made tuppence to-day selling mat-
ches." She went on, old, miserably
clad, so poor and lonely, that in
rich London that night she had no
shelter for her white head. One
thought of one's comfortable room
and trembled.The electric cars sped by at inter-
vals. Motors streaked past, leaving
foul odors behind them. By degrees
wayfarers along the Embankment
went away, and by slower degrees
shadows took their places. Such
shadows! In yellow rays, stealing
along, hugging the wall, sinking
behind columns, hiding far in on the
steps that led to the footway, huddling
on the seats. The most awful figures
I have ever seen; the most shocking
and terrifying, and yet truly pitia-
ble.One o'clock. The voice of Big Ben
deep, throaty, booming out the
loneliest hour of the night. Stiff
and cold, I crept to the parapet to
look at the river. Standing there,
close to Blackfriars' Bridge, wide
and deep and dark, ran great old
Father Thames. With the huge city
itself for its embankment, spanned
by twenty bridges and lighted in a
ghostly and fantastic manner,
some strange ecstasy of it—there is
no smaller word—look one's soul.Perhaps history was working in one's
mind, but that were none of my
moments there in midnight, looking
out upon the stealthy, furtive river,
whose moods are many, whose
breast has borne many a royal page-
ant, many a royal and powerful
burden, many a secret of crime,
many a tragic story. Slave of the
sea, and mistress of the sea—like a
woman, in her loves and passions
rapidly and with little pause—but
what there is of it, persistent and
inimitable, save where it rushes
beneath the bridges and the vast
sheet of its strength is torn nauder,
the mighty historical river bites its
way toward its lord and master, the
wide, turbulent sea. Lighted from
either side, from the bridges, from
the various craft that sail upon it,
and from its own surface reflecting
all the other lights, it creeps with
an awful stealthiness through the
city to the sea. It is a frightful
tempter. So greatly does the fear
of it lie in the hearts of those poor
unfortunates, whose beds are the
iron seats of the Embankment, that
if one of them sees you going to lean
for a moment on the parapet to
watch the barges stealing on their
way, he is immediately behind you,
warning you that the "cop" will be
after you; and if he, poor quon,
dare friend! happens to be asleep,
the sharp eye of the policeman dis-
covers you and a tap on your shoul-
der, with "none o' that, now; move
on, there," sends you skulking into
the open.A late moon has crept up behind
Westminster and is shining—so
clear, so fair, over the splendid,
the terrible, old city. The police boats
steal swiftly and silently up and
down the river, which is whispering
sullen secrets to the stairs and
slippery steps. Not a glint of day-
light. It is piercingly cold, so cold,
and damp that the wretched, ill-clad
creatures feel it in their dreams, a nd
mutter and shiver. You have time
to look at them; to walk the dreary
way, and pause and see without
your foolish stare embarrassing
them, these dull creatures who yet
are sensitive in ways. Eight crushed
into a seat which is due to hold six.
Crushed together for warmth. Lost
to all feeling, save the necessity for
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HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and con
— A Stander-By!

A Simsbury, Conn., correspondent writes to Saturday Night regarding the marriage of a young man well-known in Edmonton. "The wedding of Miss Grace Eileen Allen and Alfred Hawes was one of the most brilliant social events in the history of this town. It occurred at the beautiful residence of Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood, the cousin of the bride. Rev. Oliver Bronson, formerly pastor of the Congregational church, officiated, and the bride was given away by her cousin, James P. Eno, of New York. Mrs. Wood gave a wedding breakfast and a reception at her home. Many well known people from out of town were present. Among those from Hartford were: James J. Goodwin and Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Francis Goodwin and her daughters, Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Morris, Judge and Mrs. Hamersley, the latter a sister of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Cheney, Mrs. K. M. Russell, and Mrs. Trudeau, of New York; George Watson Beach and Mrs. Beach, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lawrence, Miss Virginia Forrest, Mrs. P. H. Ingalls, and Miss Antoinette Phelps. Others included Admiral and Mrs. Cowles, of Farmington, a sister of President Roosevelt; Mrs. G. F. Dominick, Jr., of New York; Mrs. Boreman, of Avon, ex-Governor and Mrs. George P. McLean and Representative J. B. Thomas, of Simsbury."

A number of friends went over to Strathcona to bid good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hamilton and Mr. John Graham, who left for their new homes on Wednesday afternoon; the Buchanans for Lethbridge where Mr. Buchanan is starting a daily, the Hamiltons for Calgary, where Mr. Hamilton has been appointed Registrar, and Mr. Graham to take a position in Mr. Hamilton's department in Calgary.

To say that the little party of Edmontonians will be much missed is to express most inadequately their friends' opinions in the matter. That they all remain in Alberta, the Sunny, where one has hopes of seeing them once in a while, is the only compensation in sight at present.

On Tuesday evening a number of Mr. Graham's friends tendered him a farewell in the King Edward, when much good fellowship prevailed, and everything was very well done. But after all it was the speeches and expressions of honest regret at his departure that made the evening a memorable one to this fine stalwart fellow, who counts his friends in Edmonton by the legion. They told him how they liked him, and they voiced their admiration of his good sportsmanship. His golf, his cricket, his football accomplishments—all were touched on—but the thought underlying each was his high ideal of the gentlemanlike play that he should govern them one and all. To say that Mr. Graham is as fine a type of sportsman as is to be found the world over, is to repeat a banality. His departure from Edmonton is a distinct loss to the cause of all good sport, and Dr. Bell in the course of the evening voiced all our opinions when he quoted why we hadn't done something to endeavor to persuade him to remain. When the ducks are flying southward and the geese are making their shooting parties, I imagine that very often at the first kindled camp fires will be found Mr. John Graham, who if he has weakness, which, indeed, I can vouch for he has, it is shooting and hunting.

Covers at the dinner were laid for eleven, but more or less closely associated with him in the various fields of sport. Dr. Cobbett acted as chairman and the other guests included: Dr. Bell, Mr. Rolt, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Harbottle, Mr. Grainger, Mr. Watt, Mr. de Pas, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Otter. Mr. Graham in reply to the toast of "Our Guest" made a modest little speech in which he dealt altogether with sporting topics and conveyed his heartfelt thanks for the honor his friends had done him. Here's good luck and all good fortune to him in Calgary, and many happy returns to Edmonton.

Mrs. F. P. Hobson leaves for a visit to the east early in December.

Mrs. Frank Sommerville is visiting Mrs. Miller Wetaskiwin, going down on Wednesday.

Miss Marjorie Brown and a number of her friends enjoyed a jolly skate in Strathcona on Saturday evening, later returning to Mrs. Hislop's for supper.

Mrs. A. M. Stewart will receive for the first time next Wednesday in her new home, 478 Eighth street.

The Fates seem to have ordained that I should see very little of that pretty, bustling little city of ours, across the river, since taking up my residence in Edmonton. If I have to travel bus-ways the capricious Gods have been none too unkind in the matter, and if one didn't mind a climb, which, entre nous, one does, I should have been over a great many times long ere this, but cir-

cumstances being as they were, Strathcona has remained undiscovered country until yesterday when between busses I had a merry skir-mish round town taking in the sights.

I have written "between busses" because I thought that space of time would cover "all the various spots of interest, as a matter of fact it wasn't even long enough for any but a passing glance at what would well repay a good day's tour of inspection.

Such splendid churches, such ambitious blocks, such a fine loyal spirit as animates its inhabitants. Candidly it quite took my breath away. But then I had Mr. Marriott as guide, philosopher and descriptive artist, and if Edmonton has anything that can touch him for enthusiasm I'd like him pointed out.

Helter-Skelter, over piles of lumber, in between scaffoldings, over mounds of sand and on and away we made a flying detour to the legendary new Oddfellows' block which, it is expected, will be completed this week, and which I can well assure you is as fine a building of its kind as is to be found west of Winnipeg. On the first floor is a handsomely appointed theatre or concert hall, with a stage that would put to shame any you could find this side of the water. (Edmonton theatre managers take notice.) The second floor will be given over to offices, while the third story will be taken up with the Oddfellows' quarters, which I am assured will make us "ponder some."

On Dec. 6th there is to be a grand ball in the theatre for which tickets have just been issued.

I had a few minutes next in the Banham block, a reproduction of the Campbell Furniture Co.'s quarters on a slightly smaller scale, but then contrast Strathcona with Edmonton in size and open your eyes as I did. The busses were showing signs of preparing to depart, but flying along we negotiated the Metropolitan Methodist Church and at the risk of life and limb I scaled a ladder and had a fleeting glimpse of a magnificent auditorium, such a beautiful "churchy" church, a hand grasp with the pastor and contractor, and then hurrying for dear life a sight of the new Presbyterian House of Praise, with its little modest frame mother building alongside, such a wonderfully beautiful off-shoot of the parent church.

Credit where credit is due, Strathcona has us badly beaten in her Houses of Worship and I'm not saying we won't have to look up in other respects.

Landed in the bus I am out of breath, but now when I look Strathcona-wards I shall watch with an added interest for new landmarks against the skyline, and get to wondering what on earth that baby sister is up to next.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick returned home from the hospital early in the week, but is still very far from being restored to health.

Mrs. Bulyea gave a very smart luncheon of eleven covers for Mrs. Rutherford, the new house on Wednesday, many lovely flowers and pretty lights transforming the pretty rooms into a fairland of fragrance and color.

Mrs. Bulyea was looking charming in a handsome frock of brown crepe de chine, beautifully embroidered and with touches of cob webby lace. The guest of honor was in a modish frock of soft cream material, and was kept more than busy assisting in doing the honors.

The other guests were: Mrs. Cross in a smart frock of green velvet with tiny white polka dots and a large black velvet hat with white mink and feathers and pink roses.

Mrs. Harvey, beautifully gowned in black tulle with touches of old rose and a stunning champagne colored capelet, with black ornaments. Mrs. Rutherford, in a cream colored, looking remarkably well after her trip abroad; Mrs. Woods in a handsome Battenberg lace robe over a pink chiffon; Mrs. Anderson in a jaunty white serge suit, embroidered in pale blue, with a white and grey hat; Mrs. Constantine in a pretty black costume; Mrs. Beck in champagne voile with touches of soft lace and old rose; Miss Babbitt, exceedingly pretty in a girlish navy blue and white afternoon frock, and Mrs. Hislop in a pink and white dress.

The table was, as always, a thing of beauty, being in Mrs. Bulyea's favorite tones, green and white, with many soft candle lights, and lovely mums; the corners forming a garland fern stars with little bark canes laden with more white mums and ferns.

Mrs. Charlesworth and her two little children, Doris and Gerald, returned home on Wednesday afternoon from an extended visit to her parents at Kenora.

Mr. A. M. Frith of the Northwest Electric Company is acting as secretary for the skating club which it is proposed to form and those desiring to become members are requested to communicate with him.

Deep sympathy will be extended to Mrs. S. S. Taylor of Nelson, who just recently paid to the home of her father and mother, and Mrs. and Mrs. John Ross, Edmonton, on the death of her fourteen-year-old son.

News comes from Vermilion of the

death of Miss Allie Sullivan, a young lady well-known in Edmonton.

A Hamilton dispatch tells of the marriage, which was celebrated quietly last week of Mr. C. W. Peterson, general manager of the Canadian Pacific Irrigation Colonization company, Calgary, and Miss Elizabeth Watson of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson are now on their honeymoon in the eastern and southern States.

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Mrs. Harvey, beautifully gowned in black tulle with touches of old rose and a stunning champagne colored capelet, with black ornaments. Mrs. Rutherford, in a cream colored, looking remarkably well after her trip abroad; Mrs. Woods in a handsome Battenberg lace robe over a pink chiffon; Mrs. Anderson in a jaunty white serge suit, embroidered in pale blue, with a white and grey hat; Mrs. Constantine in a pretty black costume; Mrs. Beck in champagne voile with touches of soft lace and old rose; Miss Babbitt, exceedingly pretty in a girlish navy blue and white afternoon frock, and Mrs. Hislop in a pink and white dress.

The table was, as always, a thing of beauty, being in Mrs. Bulyea's favorite tones, green and white, with many soft candle lights, and lovely mums; the corners forming a garland fern stars with little bark canes laden with more white mums and ferns.

Mrs. Charlesworth and her two little children, Doris and Gerald, returned home on Wednesday afternoon from an extended visit to her parents at Kenora.

Mr. A. M. Frith of the Northwest Electric Company is acting as secretary for the skating club which it is proposed to form and those desiring to become members are requested to communicate with him.

Deep sympathy will be extended to Mrs. S. S. Taylor of Nelson, who just recently paid to the home of her father and mother, and Mrs. and Mrs. John Ross, Edmonton, on the death of her fourteen-year-old son.

News comes from Vermilion of the

death of Miss Allie Sullivan, a young lady well-known in Edmonton.

A Hamilton dispatch tells of the marriage, which was celebrated quietly last week of Mr. C. W. Peterson, general manager of the Canadian Pacific Irrigation Colonization company, Calgary, and Miss Elizabeth Watson of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson are now on their honeymoon in the eastern and southern States.

Mrs. Bulyea gave a very smart luncheon of eleven covers for Mrs. Rutherford, the new house on Wednesday, many lovely flowers and pretty lights transforming the pretty rooms into a fairland of fragrance and color.

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Music" a year ago, announces that another venture will be made this year.

No actor ever more thoroughly deserved the honors that have been conferred on him than John Hare, Sir John Hare, as he is in the future to be known. To have seen him in "A Pair of Spectacles" is to have experienced one of the most genuine pleasures that life can afford. Those who have made the theatrical acquaintance of Mr. Benjamin Goldfinch will appreciate these stories.

At a time when Mr. Hare was still quite a young man, but had made himself quite famous playing old men's parts, he was on the look out for a good English terrier, and happened to mention the fact to a friend of his who was also his solicitor. The solicitor told him that one of his articles clerks was a great dog fancier, and had an animal of the kind for sale. Now this young gentleman, it appeared, was not only fond of dogs, but of the theatre, and having an appreciative playgoer, had enrolled himself among the most ardent admirers of Mr. Hare.

"I know," said the solicitor, "that it would please him very much if you would let him bring the dog and show him to you."

To this Mr. Hare readily assented, and a day or so later, he was roused from his bed early in the morning by the announcement that a gentleman had called and was waiting in the dining room "with a dog." Hastily dressing, Mr. Hare hurried down, and found a very young gentleman and a dog that was not in any way what he wanted. To his annoyance, too, he noticed, as they discussed the question of the dog, that the young gentleman's manner was supercilious, and, patting, not at all the sort of thing that he should expect from "one of his great admirers." And so, making the interview as brief as possible, he made some polite excuse for not purchasing the dog, thanked its owner for the trouble he had taken, and bade him good day.

Subsequently his solicitor friend told him that on his clerk's return he asked him if he had satisfied his desire and seen Mr. Hare, and if he had sold the dog.

"No," said the young gentleman, "I have been terribly annoyed. The old man was in bed and sent the young one down to see me."

But the oddest of all these incidents occurred during the first run for "A Pair of Spectacles." Mr. Gladstone, always keen to discover and appreciate true art, had from the very outset of his career been

one of Mr. Hare's warmest admirers, and soon after the production of Sydney Grundy's play, he came to make the acquaintance of Benjamin Goldfinch. At the conclusion of the performance he had a long talk with Mr. Hare with reference to the play. On similar occasions the actor had talked with the great statesman but it had almost always happened when he was made for the stage. Shortly after this interview his wife to meet him in private life was gratified, and he sat with him at the dinner table of a mutual friend.

Most of the guests present were known to Mr. Gladstone, but during dinner he enquired of his hostess the names of those he had not met before. Looking in Mr. Hare's direction, he asked:

"Who's that?"

"Mr. John Hare," was the reply. "Oh, yes, yes," said Mr. Gladstone. "I know his father the manager of the Garrick theatre."

In a conversation between the two that took place later in the evening Mr. Gladstone laughed over his mistake.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

On the 30th and 31st of next month the famous four act comedy of Wm. Gillette's entitled "All the Comforts of Home" will be given by a company of local amateurs at the Edmonton Opera house, under the auspices of the Amateur Hockey Club of this city and under the direction of Irving Beers, a well known professional actor who has supported such artists as Mrs. Fiske, Donald Robertson the great Scotch actor, Mary Shaw and other acknowledged leaders in English or American dramatic art; and starred for a season "All the Comforts of Home."

This piece is one of the greatest comedies ever written and as all the characters of the present caste are particularly well suited to the parts it should be one of the theatrical events of the season. Mr. Beers produced this piece in Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, and Calgary last season and the critics of these cities spoke of "All the Comforts of Home" as one of the greatest that they had ever witnessed.

The following are the principals forming the cast: Mr. D. M. Silas, Mr. A. Bolleau, Mr. Mock, Miss Kingston, Miss Brandon, Mr. K. J. Reid, Miss Miller, Miss Chatwin, Miss F. Cameron, Mr. Duhamel, Mr. Geo. H. Adams, Miss Eva Protheroe, Miss Jessie Cameron, Mr. A. Ball, Irving Beers, officers, servants, etc.

Large audiences saw an excellent production of Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," drama-

tized under the name of "The Egyptian of Pompeii" put on by the Nelson-Brace company at the Edmonton Opera house on Wednesday and Thursday night. A change of bill takes place on Friday and Saturday when "A Western Girl" will hold the boards.

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